

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. II.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 1, 1872.

No. 23.

MOU-MOU.

[Continued.]

THE plan succeeded perfectly. When he saw Tatiana he bowed to her, as usual, with a friendly smile, then fastened his eyes upon her, dropped his shovel, sprang up, approached her, and placed his face near hers. Terror made her totter still more, and she closed her eyes. He seized her by the arm, dragged her through the court-yard, entered with her into the room where the council still sat, and pushed her at once toward Capiton. Tatiana was more dead than alive. Garassim stood there a few minutes looking at her, then made a motion with his hand, smiled contemptuously, and went with heavy step to his own room. He did not appear again till the next day. The postillion, Antipka, told them afterward that he had peeped through a crack and seen Garassim sitting on his bed, his cheeks on his hands, slowly, regularly singing, yet smiling from time to time; that is to say, he had moved to and fro, closed his eyes and shaken his head, like coachmen and boatmen when they are chanting their melancholy songs. Antipka was frightened and ran away. On the next day, when Garassim left his room, there was no special change to be noticed in him. Apparently he had only become a little gloomier, but on the other hand he did not take the slightest notice of Tatiana and Capiton. On the same evening they both presented themselves before their mistress with geese* under their arms, and a week afterward they were married. On the day of the wedding, Garassim's conduct was in all respects unaltered, except that he returned from the river without any water—he had broken the barrel on the way; and in the evening, in the stable, while cleaning his horse, he combed the animal with such force that it tottered to and fro like a straw before the wind, and could hardly keep its feet beneath his iron fists.

This happened in the spring. A year passed by, in the course of which Capiton had fallen lower and lower from drunkenness, and had been packed off to a distant village with his wife, as a thoroughly good-for-nothing fellow. On the day of his departure he had at first talked very big, and declared that wherever they might send him, were it even to Jericho, he would not despair; afterward, however, he began to lament that they were sending him among uneducated people, and finally he grew so weak that he could not even put on his own cap. Some kind soul placed it on his head, pushed up the vizor, and set it straight on his forehead. When all was ready, and the coachman held the reins in his hands, and they were only waiting for the last words of farewell before starting, Garassim came out of his room, approached Tatiana, and gave her as a keepsake a red woollen dress that he had bought for her a year before. Tatiana, who up to that moment had endured all the vicissitudes of her life with great equanimity, could not stand this; tears filled her eyes, and as she was about to get into the carriage she kissed Garassim three times, after the Christian manner. He wanted to accompany her as far as the turnpike, and at first followed the carriage, but suddenly stopped near the bridge, waved his hand for farewell, and went along the river.

The day was drawing near its close. Garassim wandered here and there, gazing into the water. Suddenly it seemed to him that something was struggling in the mud near the shore.

He stooped down and saw a little black-and-white puppy, which, in spite of all its exertions, could not creep out of the water. It would painfully make its way up and then slide down again; meanwhile its wet, half-starved body was trembling from cold. Garassim looked at the poor creature, took hold of it, placed it in his bosom, and went rapidly back to the house. Having reached his room, he laid the puppy on his bed, covered it with a thick overcoat, ran to the stable for some straw, and to the kitchen for a saucer of milk. With tender care he lifted up the coat, arranged the straw, and placed the saucer of milk upon the bed. The poor puppy might have been, at the most, three weeks old; its eyes were scarcely opened—one eye, in fact, seemed to be somewhat larger than the other. It did not yet understand how to drink from a saucer, and simply trembled and closed its eyes. Garassim seized its head carefully with two fingers, thrust its nose into the milk, and the puppy began to drink with eagerness, shaking itself and choking. Garassim watched it for a long time, and then burst out laughing. The whole night he busied himself with the puppy, making it comfortable and drying it; finally he sank by its side into a calm, pleasant sleep.

No mother could be tenderer to her child than Garassim to his pet. The puppy was a slut. At first it was very weak, thin, and ugly; gradually, however, it grew more attractive, and in eight months, thanks to the unwearying care of its preserver, it proved to be a thoroughbred spaniel, with long ears, bushy, arched tail, and large, expressive eyes. It was extremely devoted to Garassim, never leaving him for a moment, and following him everywhere, wagging its tail. He had given it a name, for mutes know that their mutterings attract the ears of others; he had named it Mou-mou. All the people in the house became very fond of it, and called it Mou-mou. It was very intelligent and gentle with every one, but Garassim was the one it really loved. He was extremely attached to it, and did not like to have others fondle it; whether he feared some harm to the dog, or whether it was jealousy, who can tell? It awakened him in the morning by pulling at his coat-tails, led him by its string to his horse, with which it had a great friendship, accompanied him to the river with an important air, kept guard over his broom and shovel, and let no one enter his room. Garassim had made a hole in his door expressly for the dog, which seemed to understand that it was its own master only in this room, and as soon as it entered it used to jump upon the bed with an air of perfect satisfaction. At night it did not sleep; it did not bark, however, without discrimination, like other stupid watch-dogs, which sit on their hind legs and with outstretched tail and closed eyes bay at the stars from sheer *ennui*, and generally three times in succession. No; Mou-mou's delicate voice never resounded without good reason; either it was some stranger who passed by the fence, or a suspicious noise had been heard in some quarter. In a word, it was an excellent watch-dog. It is true, there was living in the court-yard another dog, yellow, with dirty-brown spots, named Voltschok; but he was never let loose from his chain, not even at night; and conscious of his feebleness, for he was very old, he did not want freedom, but lay crouched in his house, occasionally giving forth a hoarse, almost inaudible bark, which was immediately followed by silence, as if he himself recognized its uselessness. Mou-mou never entered the dwelling-house; even when Garassim was carrying in wood, it remained

* A custom of the peasantry.

behind, and waited impatiently for him at the entrance steps, raising its ears, and at the slightest noise behind the door turning its head to the right and left.

In this way a year passed. Garassim continued to be perfectly contented with his position, when an unexpected incident took place. It happened that one pleasant summer evening her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room with her companions. She was in good-humor, laughing and joking. The ladies in attendance were also laughing and joking, although in their hearts they did not feel very joyful, for they did not consider it a good sign when her ladyship was in good-humor, since in such cases she used to insist upon a similar state of mind on the part of those about her, and was vexed if every face did not glow with pleasure. Such a state, however, did not last very long, and was followed by great irritability. On that day everything had been very propitious; all the knaves had come out as she laid out the cards, indicating fulfillment of her wishes, (she used to tell her fortune every day by cards,) and the tea had been uncommonly good, for which her maid had been rewarded with especial praise and a ten-kopeck piece. With a sweet smile on her shrivelled lips her ladyship was walking up and down her drawing-room, and had just stepped up to the window. Outside of it there was a little garden, in exactly the middle of which Mou-mou was lying beneath a rose bush gnawing a bone. Her ladyship saw the dog. "Dear me!" she suddenly cried; "what dog is that?"

Her poor companion, to whom the question was directed, became extremely confused. She suffered from that painful nervousness which inferiors feel when they do not know in what way the words of their superiors are to be understood. "I—I—I don't know," she stammered. "I believe it belongs to the dumb man."

"Indeed?" interrupted her ladyship. "It is a lovely little dog. Have it brought in. Has he had it long? Why have I never seen it before? Have it brought in."

The companion flew into the next room and gave a servant the order: "Bring Mou-mou here at once. She is in the garden."

"Ah! its name is Mou-mou?" said her ladyship; "a very pretty name."

"Yes, very pretty," replied the companion. "Be quick, Stephan."

Stephan, a sturdy young fellow who held the place of waiter, ran head over heels into the garden and tried to seize Mou-mou; she, however, slipped easily out of his hand, and ran with uplifted tail to Garassim, who at that moment was rinsing out a barrel in the kitchen, and turning it about as if it were a child's drum. Stephan was close behind the dog, and reached after it between its master's legs, but the active dog was unwilling to be caught, and kept eluding him. Garassim smiled as he watched his efforts, but finally Stephan gave him to understand, through signs, that her ladyship wanted to see the dog. Garassim was somewhat surprised, but called Mou-mou, raised her from the ground, and gave her to Stephan. He carried the dog into the drawing-room and placed it on the polished floor. Her ladyship called to Mou-mou with a caressing voice. Mou-mou, having never been in so magnificent a room, was very much alarmed, and ran toward the door, but being frightened back by the officious Stephan, she crouched trembling against the wall.

"Mou-mou, Mou-mou, come here—come to your mistress," said her ladyship. "Come here, you stupid little beast!" don't be afraid."

"Come, Mou-mou, come to her ladyship," repeated her companions; "come, Mou-mou."

But Mou-mou only looked around disconsolately, and did not stir from the spot.

"Bring her something to eat," said her ladyship. "What a stupid beast! Won't come to mistress? What is it afraid of?"

"She doesn't feel at home," said one of the companions, timidly and in a conciliatory voice.

Stephan brought some milk in a saucer and placed it before Mou-mou. She did not even smell of it, but continued to tremble and to look around anxiously.

"Oh, what ails you?" said her ladyship, approaching the dog, stooping down, and trying to pat it, but Mou-mou turned her head convulsively and showed her teeth. Her ladyship withdrew her hand quickly.

All were immediately silent. Mou-mou whined gently, as if she wanted to complain and apologize. Her ladyship stepped to one side, and her brow grew dark. The sudden movement of the dog had frightened her.

"Oh!" screamed all the companions together, "has she bitten you? Heaven forbid!" (Mou-mou had never bitten any one in all her life.) "Oh!"

"Take it out," said the old lady in an altered voice. "The nasty beast!—how ill-natured it is!"

Turning slowly away, she withdrew to her own room. Her companions looked at one another timidly, and were preparing to follow her, but she stopped and gazed at them coldly, and said, "What is that for? I did not call you," and left the room.

In despair, the companions made a sign to Stephan; he seized Mou-mou and threw her out of the door at Garassim's feet. For half an hour deep silence ruled in the whole house, and her ladyship sat enthroned upon her sofa, black as a thunder-cloud.

What petty things, when one thinks of it, are at times capable of making people lose their composure!

Until evening her ladyship was out of temper; she spoke to no one, did not touch her cards, and passed a restless night. It seemed to her that they had not given her the eau-de-cologne to which she was accustomed; that her pillow smelt of soap, for which reason she made her housekeeper sniff at all the linen; in a word, she was very nervous and irritable. The next morning, she summoned Gavrilko an hour earlier than usual.

"Tell me, please," she began, when he, not wholly free from anxiety, had entered the room, "what dog was that barking all night in the court-yard? I could not sleep a wink."

"A dog! what dog? Perhaps the mute's dog," he said, in a rather uncertain voice.

"How do I know whether it was the mute's dog or not? It's enough that it did not let me sleep. I must say I can't imagine what such a number of dogs is good for; I should like very much to know. We have a regular watch-dog?"

"Certainly, we have one—Voltschok."

"Well, why do we need any more? Of what use is another dog? It only makes disorder. There is no man in the house who manages things properly. That's what's the matter. And why does the mute keep a dog? Who gave him permission to keep dogs in my court-yard? I went to the window yesterday, and there was the dog lying in the garden; it had carried something dirty in there, and was gnawing at it, and I have just had rose bushes set out there." Her ladyship paused. "The dog must leave to-day. Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed."

"Now go. I shall summon you later about the house affairs."

Gavrilko left. In going through the drawing-room the major-domo placed the bell, which had stood upon one table, upon another, from love of order, blew his nose quietly, and went into the ante-room. There Stephan was sleeping on a bench,

in the position of a fallen hero on the field of battle, with his bare feet stretched out beneath the coat in which he was wrapped. The major-domo shook him till he was awake, and whispered him an order, which Stephan received half gaping, half laughing. The major-domo went away. Stephan sprang up, put on his caftan and boots, went out, and took a place by the entrance. In less than five minutes Garassim appeared with a great pile of wood on his back, accompanied by his faithful Mou-mou. (Her ladyship had her rooms heated even in summer.) Garassim leaned his shoulder against the door, pushed it open, and entered the house with his burden, while Mou-mou, according to her custom, waited for him outside. Seizing his opportunity, Stephan threw himself upon the dog like a hawk on a chicken, pressed its breast upon the earth, placed it then beneath his arm, and ran through the court, without stopping to put on his cap, sprang into the nearest droschke, and drove with all speed to the second-hand market. There he soon found a purchaser, to whom he sold the dog for half a rouble, but under the condition that he should keep it chained for at least a week. Then he returned at once, but left the droschke before reaching the house, went around the court-yard, and sprang over the fence from a back alley; he was afraid to go through the front gate—he might have met Garassim.

His fear, however, was unfounded; Garassim had already left the court-yard. On coming out from the house, he at once missed Mou-mou; he did not remember that she had ever forgotten to await his return. He ran around everywhere, seeking her and calling her in his way; he flew to his room, to the hayloft, to the street, in every direction. She was gone. He turned to the other servants, asked with despairing gestures after the dog, placing his hands a little above the floor, and seeking in this way to describe the dog. Some really did not know what had become of Mou-mou, and simply shook their heads; others knew, and only laughed in his face; but the major-domo assumed an important air and began to abuse the coachman. Thereupon Garassim ran out of the court-yard.

It was already getting dark when he returned. From his tired look, his unsteady gait, and his dusty clothes, one might have thought that he had run through half Moscow. He remained standing before the window of the house, threw a look at the steps on which some of the servants were assembled, and muttered once more, "Mou-mou!" Mou-mou did not answer his call. He went out; all followed him with their eyes, but no one smiled, no one spoke. The inquisitive Antipka told them the next day in the kitchen that the dumb man had groaned all night long.

Garassim did not appear all the next day, so that in his stead the coachman, Potap, had to go after water, with which the coachman Potap was not well pleased. Her ladyship asked Gavrilov whether her commands had been fulfilled. Gavrilov informed her that they had been. The next morning Garassim left his room and went to his work. He appeared at table, ate, and went away without greeting any one. His face, always lifeless, like those of deaf mutes, was now, as it were, turned to stone. After dinner he went into the court-yard, but only for a short time; he returned and went into the hayloft. The night drew on—a clear, moonlit night. Garassim was lying there, groaning bitterly and turning uneasily, when he suddenly felt something pulling at his coat-tails; he trembled from head to foot, but did not raise his head—he only closed his eyes tighter. He felt this pulling again, stronger than before; he arose, and there sprang before him Mou-mou, with a bit of rope around her neck. A long cry of joy escaped his speechless lips; he seized Mou-mou and clasped her in his arms. In a moment she had licked his nose, eyes, and beard. He stood thinking a few minutes, then climbed down carefully

from the hayloft, looked around, and, as soon as he had made sure that no one was observing him, he crept to his own room. Garassim had already suspected that the dog had not run away of its own accord, but that it had been carried off at her ladyship's command. The servants had made him understand by signs how she had become angry with Mou-mou; hence he determined to take measures accordingly. First of all, he gave Mou-mou some bread to eat, caressed her, laid her to sleep, and began to think until daybreak how he could best conceal her. Finally, he came to the determination to keep her in his room during the day, only looking after her from time to time, and to take her out at night. He carefully stopped up the opening in the door with an old coat, and scarcely had the day dawned before he was in the court-yard, as if nothing had happened; in fact, he even affected, with innocent cunning, his previous despondency. It did not occur to the poor deaf-mute that Mou-mou could betray herself by her whining, while in fact it was soon known to every one in the house that the dog had returned and was locked up in his room, yet partly out of sympathy for him and the dog, and partly from fear, no one gave any sign of the discovery of his secret. The major-domo scratched his head, and consoled himself with thinking, "Well, it may stay as it is. It is to be hoped that her ladyship will not find it out." In return for this the mute showed himself on that day more active about his work than ever before; he swept and brushed the court-yard clean, pulled up all the weeds, took out with his own hands all the separate pieces of the garden fence to see whether they were strong enough, and put them back; in a word, he kept himself so active and busy that even her ladyship noticed it. In the course of the day, Garassim made two visits, secretly, to his little captive; as soon as it was night he joined it in his room, not in the hayloft, and about two o'clock he led her out into the fresh air. After he had walked about with her in the court-yard for some time, and was on the point of returning, suddenly a noise was heard behind the fence, in the direction of the back alley. Mou-mou cocked her ears, ran sniffing to the fence, smelt about, and began to bark loudly and fiercely. A drunken man had happened to fall asleep at that very spot. Just at that moment her ladyship had fallen asleep after a rather long period of "nervous excitement," to which she was regularly subject after too rich a supper. This unexpected barking awakened her; her heart beat violently, and she cried aloud for her maids. The terrified servants hastened into her bed-room. "Oh, I am dying!" she groaned, tossing her arms about restlessly. "There's that dog again! Oh, call the doctor! You want to kill me! That dog again! Oh!" and she let her head drop, which was intended to mean a fainting-fit. They ran for the doctor—that is to say, for the house-physician, Chariton. This doctor, whose whole right to the title consisted in the fact that he wore thin-soled boots, understood how to feel a pulse with gentleness, passed fourteen hours a day in sleeping, and the rest of the time in sighing heavily, and that he continually dosed her ladyship with cherry-drops—this doctor came at once, burnt some feathers, and handed the miraculous drops to her ladyship on a silver tray as soon as she came to herself. She swallowed them, but broke out at once in querulous complaints about the dog and Gavrilov and her fate; how every one was neglecting her, the poor old woman; how no one had any sympathy for her, and all were anxious for her death. In the mean while, Mou-mou kept on barking, and Garassim tried in vain to call the dog away from the hedge. "There! it's beginning again!" stammered her ladyship, rolling her eyes. The doctor whispered something to one of the maids; she ran into the ante-room and awakened Stephan, who ran off at the top of his speed to wake up Gavrilov, and Gavrilov in his first excitement roused the whole house.

[To be continued.]

THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 1, 1872.

WHEREAS, THE SILENT WORLD, published at Washington, D. C., in the interests of deaf-mutes, has won recognition as an able exponent of our class:

Resolved, That the said journal is entitled to our cordial approval and support; and,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, in convention assembled, do commend it to the attention and patronage of the deaf-mutes of our State.

NEW ENGLAND has done nothing towards ratifying the constitution of the Clerc Memorial Association and electing officers. There will be called a meeting of the New England Gallaudet Association of deaf-mutes, to take place in Boston on the 1st of January next, to consider the matter.

FROM a private letter from Mr. W. B. Swett we regret to learn that most of the books and other property belonging to the Boston Library and Lyceum Association of Deaf-Mutes were destroyed by the great fire. The association is fortunate in securing almost immediately the rooms at No. 280 Washington street, formerly occupied by the Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association. The Library Association has funds sufficient to restore much of its lost property, and the officers have determined to put it once more in working order. They are not at all discouraged by the recent calamity, as the promptness with which they have secured new rooms shows.

THE death of Long, mentioned in *The Deaf-Mute Advance*, occurred in the summer of 1870, more than two years ago. The article from an Ohio Exchange, "Among the Mutes," also inserted in *The Advance*, first appeared about two years ago. Excepting figures and proper names, however, the description is as good as ever.—*Chronicle*. Very true; and does *The Chronicle* know that the account of the graduating exercises at the Indiana Institution, which it copies from the same paper, also first appeared nearly two years ago? The most important portion of the "History of the Institution," by Mr. Cross, appeared in THE SILENT WORLD in the fall of 1871. The same is to be said of the "Hindoo Story," and many other items, poems, and stories which *The Advance* has been printing of late. But they will bear repetition, and our contemporary can help itself and welcome.

THIS is the happy medium between "the spread-eagle style of THE SILENT WORLD and the national simplicity of *The Advance*" as set forth by *Kouponeti* in *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. Speaking of the poem of Hood, with which he fills the two columns of its last issue, he says: "The reader will note the excellences in the poem—extraordinary ease and fluency of the verification; copiousness, and even redundancy to overflowing of the rhymes; the strange and ludicrous combinations of the images; and the outpouring volubility of the similes, garnished and studded all over with puns—these are so unintermittent that the attention must not pause to wink during their recital, or it will be with a loss." Really THE Si-

LENT WORLD will have to yield to *The Journal* the honor of being spitefully dubbed the "Literary Paper" once in two weeks. As it has borne the distinction meekly and long, it now cheerfully takes a back seat.

[From *The N. Y. Evening Post*, Nov. 18.]

THE ORGAN OF THE DEAF-MUTES.

OFFICE OF THE SILENT WORLD,

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 16, 1872.

To the Editors of *The Evening Post*:

IN an editorial article in *The Evening Post* of the 15th inst., headed "Periodical Literature of the United States," you mention THE SILENT WORLD among those papers that have queer names, and add that "its circulation, we are sorry to learn, is increasing."

Of course you are understood to mean that you regret the "increase" of the number of deaf and dumb people, of which you consider the extending circulation of THE SILENT WORLD an evidence. But a little thought will show that you might have been more accurate in your inferences and still have enjoyed your bit of pleasantry.

Instead of being an evidence of the increasing number of deaf and dumb persons in our country, the prosperity of THE SILENT WORLD is proof positive of the advancement in education of that proportion of this class in our population which already exists, and must necessarily exist as long as the present conditions of development continue; and also of the fact that the blessings of education are gradually extending so as to embrace all of the "silent people" who are now growing up in ignorance. It might also be cited as *prima facie* evidence of the excellence of the American system of instruction, for there is no other country in the world in which the deaf-mutes support a paper by their own unaided intelligence and public spirit.

Yours, truly,

J. BURTON HOTCHKISS,

Publisher SILENT WORLD.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE BOSTON QUARREL.

280 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, November 30, 1872.

WE wish to say a few words in reply to the circular that Mr. Amos Smith sent to you in relation to the Boston Deaf and Dumb Library and Lyceum Association. There was a rumor that Mr. Amos Smith had circulated such a document, but it was done so secretly that we knew nothing of its contents until we saw the statement in your paper of November 15. We will endeavor to explain these matters, as you request.

A few days after the publishing of his statement about Mr. Bowes and the library, Mr. Smith sent for us; we supposed this was to see that all things were made right, but we never thought of giving up the worthy library. Mr. Smith had a document all prepared, and by his false statements and threatening, induced us to sign it. He told us that he had letters in his pocket, proving his charges against Mr. Bowes and Mr. Acheson, and also a long letter from Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, one from Rev. Mr. Turner, and also from Mr. Edw. Stone, giving statements against the library and Messrs. B. and A., and threatening to come and prosecute them in a few days. These letters he would not let us read, but he was seconded by his brother-in-law, Mr. Holmes. We were intimidated by Mr. Smith's course, as he would not give us any time for consultation, threatening that he would arrest Mr. Bowes the next day if we did not sign that paper. He and his associates forced

us to sign the *false* document, without fully understanding it, and by their haste and pressure we were kept ignorant of their intentions. How could we do any different? We intended to do, and supposed we were, doing the best for the library, and cared for nothing else than that. The next day a letter was received from Rev. Mr. Turner, stating that he never wrote any such letter to any person in Boston or elsewhere. A similar letter was also received shortly after from Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and also one from Mr. Stone, saying that whatever Mr. Smith was doing was on his own responsibility. On consultation with our lawyer we are satisfied that Mr. Smith's course was illegal and improper, and we desire to retract anything in that document that denounced the library or reflected upon Messrs. Bowes and Acheson. We did not intend so to do, and it was very unjust to call them dishonest, since they were doing the best for the library. Mr. Smith tried to persuade us to resign the trusteeship, by showing us a letter from his lawyer. But this we declined to do, and intend to stick to the library.

In relation to the "ill-gotten fund" referred to, Mr. Swett asked them why they wanted it, since they called it "ill-gotten." Mr. Smith pretended that Mr. Swett had called it so himself. We denounced Mr. Smith's course in this affair and his attempt to destroy the confidence of the people in us. We are determined that we will not give up the library property and fund to the outside party. There is room enough among us, and good-will enough among the people of this city for both societies, and inasmuch as the objects of the Library Association do not interfere at all with those of the United Society, why cannot we be left free to carry forward our enterprise unmolested by any other society or any outsiders? We do not intend, and have never in any instance uttered a word in prejudice of any other society, and we ask for the same treatment, and we are willing that all the world should know of us and our doings, and feel that then we and our cause will be judged right.

Hoping that you will find room for the statement, we are,
very truly, yours,

J. P. MARSH,
H. A. OSGOOD,
Trustees.

DEAF-MUTE CLERGYMEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19, 1872.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

I wish to call your attention to the following sentences in your issue of July 15: "On the occasion of being introduced into the Episcopal Convention of the Diocese, he (Rev. Dr. Clerc) took occasion to offer a resolution commending the cause of deaf-mute education and the religious instruction of individual deaf-mutes to the clergy of the diocese. The resolution was warmly supported and adopted."

Who will respond to this invitation? I think it is very important that students of the National Deaf-Mute College should choose the profession of a minister, and study for that purpose, in Burlington College, N. J., and thus be able to help Rev. Dr. Gallaudet to do the church work for mutes in this country.

I would like to have you write an editorial on this subject, and use your influence to secure this end.

I herewith enclose an account of the installation of the Rev. Dr. Clerc as rector of Burlington College, N. J.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. K. W. STRONG.

Thursday, the 17th of October, was a red-letter day at Burlington College, being the day appointed for the formal induction of the new rector, the Rev. Francis J. Clerc, D. D., and also for the annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the College.

The services in the chapel were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Burton; the Lesson was read by the Rev. Dr. Hills; the Bidding Prayer of the College was read by the Rev. Mr. Pettit, of Bordentown; prayers were offered by the Rev. Mr. Smith, followed by the singing of hymn 270. The Rt. Rev. President of the College then made an address, setting forth the claims of Burlington College in his usual masterly manner. He concluded with a welcome to the rector, who then took his place in the chancel, and made a thoughtful and pertinent address. Hymn 422 was then sung, and after prayers, the bishop pronounced the benediction of peace. The recessional was hymn 191, "I love Thy Kingdom, Lord." Great enthusiasm prevailed, and much confidence seemed inspired by the auspicious beginning of the new rectorship.

Dr. Clerc, the new rector, is too well known to the Church at large to need any words of introduction. He is a graduate of Trinity College in the class of 1843; was President of St. Paul's College, Missouri, and founder of the Mary Institute, Carlisle, Pa.

Under his accomplished leadership there is everything to hope for Burlington College, and doubtless it will continue to realize that "*ripe scholarship*" which was the lofty ideal of the second Bishop of New Jersey.—*The Churchman*.

A SUPPOSED IMPOSTOR.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

Any person who can hear and speak can play off the game of deaf-mutism upon the community, and receive what assistance he desires in the way of money, board, lodging, &c. Both the single and double-hand alphabets of the deaf-mute are being spread far and wide over the country. I find them almost everywhere. They are used by the children in the common schools to converse with each other in school, so the teachers will not hear them. They are being put to both good and bad purposes. It is good use when they are employed to talk with a *bona fide* deaf-mute, but bad when used to play off a game upon the unsuspecting community. Such a thing happened here in Seymour yesterday, Nov. 19, in the person of a supposed impostor.

A nice looking lady mysteriously made her appearance in our midst, and immediately went around the city with nicely printed bills, stating that she was deaf; that her sight was not good, she being nearly blind; that she was a widow, having two children to support, one daughter being an invalid; that she had several testimonials from editors of papers in the East, whom she named in her bills; that she could talk either with the deaf and dumb language, or write; and asking for money. Her bills were headed in bold, fancy letters, "To the Benevolent," and signed by Elizabeth Ulrich, deaf and dumb lady, with a sentence beneath requesting the return of the circulars. So rapid were her movements around that she collected several dollars, and I did not see her until she came to the same hotel where I board, and sat down at the same table where I was at supper. The proprietor informed her of my presence. She was a little taken aback, and asked me if I was deaf and dumb, which I answered in the affirmative. I tied the sign language on her, but she did not understand me, and wrote me a line, and then spelt some words on her fingers, which is a common accomplishment. She did not seem to have had much practice, but appeared to have learnt the alphabet for an emergency, and to show to those who knew no better. She wore a black dress, hat and veil, ready to start off on the train which left a few minutes later. She had colored glasses over her eyes, but peered over them as I talked to her, showing as good eyes as any one has; in fact, I did not see any blindness in them. She was nervous and quick in her walk, showing a healthy constitution.

I only had a few minute's interview, for the train soon came, and she was aboard, saying she was going to Cincinnati, Ohio. I asked her if she knew deaf-mutes in Cincinnati. Her answer was in the negative, but she said she knew many deaf-mutes in the East, and said she was "educated at the American Asylum, 21 years." I do not know whether she meant that she was 21 years old, or was at school 21 years ago. Her actions were very strange, and it soon became apparent to all that she was an impostor by the way she failed to understand me; but I told them I could not tell whether she was really one or not, in the short time I spoke to her. But I shall rest under the impression that she is a swindler, unless assured by Eastern deaf-mutes, who know her to be really deaf and dumb.

A few days after writing the above, the woman returned to town, and I had better opportunity to talk to her. I find she cannot understand any of our signs, and only spells on the fingers pretty well. I had to do most of the talking by writing.

I send you one of her circulars, by which you can see for yourself how she plays off on the public. Almost one of the first questions she asked me on fingers was, how old I was, and if I was married. I told her I was a jolly old bachelor of 31, and she confessed she was 30, just one year my junior. Queer, isn't it? but it wouldn't do. She said her maiden name was Elizabeth Hartley, and she had married Henry Fisher Ulrich, a speaking man, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. Has two children living at Spring Grove, Ohio. Said her teacher was Miss DeWitt. She had been telling the people that she attended the Asylum at Hartford. I asked her if she ever attended a deaf-mute school. She answered: "No, sir. Miss DeWitt taught me to write before I was deaf and dumb. There was a Mrs. Bowen taught me to talk by the deaf and dumb alphabet. She was educated at Indianapolis. She is deaf, but she can speak. My husband was deaf and dumb. He was born deaf."

This is what she wrote. I asked her when she lost her hearing, and she said at "nine years old, when she lost her speech and hearing." I quote her own words.

She left in a few hours on the train for Mitchell, and will go to Vincennes soon, to play off on the public. I have written to a deaf-mute friend there to watch her when she comes.

Alas! for our misfortune. Others can assume it so easily to dupe the public, who know no better. I do not see how we can stop it. I have seen several doing it, one being a black fellow. Yes; a negro playing off deaf and dumb, and getting aid from the public.

VORTIGERN.

SEYMOUR, IND., Nov. 20, 1872.

VERY PERSONAL.

LEWIS S. INGRAHAM and Miss Maria L. Bement, both graduates of Hartford, were married in October.

J. EDWIN LIVINGSTONE, of New Hampshire, and Miss Marie A. Ingraham, of Massachusetts, were married in October. Both are graduates of Hartford.

MISS MARIETTA CHAMBERS, a graduate of the Washington Institution, and residing at Fortress Monroe, Va., was married to a Spanish gentleman on the 15th of October.

MR. WM. SMITHSON, of Port Deposit, Maryland, a graduate of Hartford, was married on the 17th of October last to Miss Fanny M. Gordon, a deaf-mute lady of Louisville, Ky.

MR. HARRISON, of New York, and Miss Lydia A. Kennedy, of the Philadelphia and Washington Institutions, and lately a teacher in the Missouri School, were married in Philadelphia in October.

COLLEGE RECORD.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

THE three-days vacation at Thanksgiving is usually looked forward to with considerable expectation on the part of all connected with the Institution, for a variety of reasons. With the students it is a period of relaxation from the arduous studies of the term, and marks the turning point from which, after trimming their sails, they bear down upon the Christmas examinations with a free breeze and a flowing sheet. And besides being a succession of good dinners and a period of sociality, it is the time when excursions to points of interest are undertaken with least fear of interruption from the renowned Clerk of the Weather, now known as "Old Probabilities."

Of late it has become noteworthy as an event of unusual importance in the theatrical line, and no little expectation of enjoyment has hinged upon it for this reason. We think that we can safely say that our last Thanksgiving exhibition was a very enjoyable one, and the thanks of all are due to those students who devoted so much of their time and labor to attain this end.

Giles Nokes, the Comic Barber, was rendered in fine style. Now, we are not going to criticise, and we may not be alone in thinking that "comparisons is odious" when drawn between the troupe of this year and that of last. But we may, perhaps, be allowed to say that the opinion is generally prevalent that each outdid the other.

Giles was not entirely a guileless lad, we fear, for there was a strong suspicion of roguishness in everything he did; but we confess to the impression that his astonishment was genuine to the core when tricks were played upon him by *Antoine* with his magic hammer. Who could look at his serio-comic countenance on such occasions and think otherwise? *Old Grissard* and his spouse acted the shady side of three score with a faithfulness that we willingly applaud. Indeed, the old lady and her daughter *Adele* might have passed a border inspector of customs for Naomi and Ruth, with no suspicion of their real sex ever entering the head of that sharp official. The same *obscurity* surrounded *Dinah*, the negress; and *Elio*, her lover, was a darkey to the marrow. *Pat Dougherty*, be-dad, was a foine boy, and the jealousy with which he guarded his bottle of whiskey and his battered beaver were, without doubt, born of pure Irish affection. *Monsieur Fantastique* was imperturbable and importunate, and the pertinacity with which he wooed the fair *Adele* (nee Page) made some feel a little sorry that he was cut out by the dashing *Antoine*. The latter, notwithstanding his success, showed a commendable bashfulness in the presence of petticoats, that won the applause of the ladies. The Ghost, like its Russian brother, was a good substantial ghost—none of your ethereal affairs—and it seems to have adopted the Russian fashion of lugging its coffin around with it. Anyway, every one was scared who ought to have been.

Much praise is due Mr. Stretch, stage manager, for the labor and taste he bestowed in its arrangement, and also to Messrs. Abbott, Powell, and others, for their efforts to make the occasion pass off with *eclat*. The hundred or so invited guests from the city went away much pleased with everything. Mr. Park had charge of The Shadows, which were necessarily deferred till the Saturday evening after Thanksgiving, when they were the source of much amusement.

After the Shadow pantomime there was a social gathering in the Institution parlors, and *Giles* told some stories in his own inimitable way; and everybody danced and congratulated everybody else. Thus ended the holidays.

THE attention of the students in the College, and of all young men who intend to enter, is called to the communication of Mr. Strong in another column. The question naturally suggests itself why some of the students have not thought of studying theology in order to minister to their own class? It is getting rather monotonous to see graduates settle down into pedagogues year after year, just as though the College was a Normal school, and the chief end of man was to be a school teacher. There are several parishes of deaf-mutes which would welcome a good minister, and more would spring up were there competent men to aid them in organizing, and to lead them afterwards. The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet is doing a good work, but he cannot exercise supervision over the whole broad continent, and he needs efficient workers everywhere.

THE horses are nearly well.

PROFESSOR CHICKERING is now quite frequently called to Baltimore to preach.

THE inmates of the Institution consumed 145 lbs. of turkey on Thanksgiving day.

THE H-street railway is running once more, and our Chapel is again well filled with visitors on Sunday.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE does not believe in playing ball with cold fingers when it is on the losing side.

THE Reading Club would be greatly obliged to the principals of institutions if they would send it copies of their reports.

CHASE, the Baltimore photographer, who "took us" a short time since, is not satisfied with the views, and is going to try again.

ORIGINAL remarks about the melancholy days, of wailing winds and leafless woods, and meadows brown and sear, are now in order.

THE tram-way is finished, and little Carroll has had his toes mashed under the wheels of the car. Put that down for accident number one.

A COMFORTABLE little cell, with a strong door, has been set apart in the Hall building for the use of bad little boys of the Primary Department.

JONES, '72, is said to have walked 6 miles in a drenching rain, while suffering with an ague fit, just to cast his vote for U. S. G. There's patriotism for you.

A BAT took up its abode in the Hall not long since, and for several days fluttered about during evening prayers, greatly encouraging levity among the students.

THE first party of the season came off on the evening of the 22d ultimo. The occasion was graced by the presence of Misses Hooper and Kent, of Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE students lately held a tremendously enthusiastic meeting, and subscribed the handsome sum of \$265.50 towards purchasing an outfit for a printing office at the College.

ONE of the Preps has started a shoe-shop in Room 26. He does repairing neatly, and at lower prices than city workmen. His object is to obtain funds to help himself through College.

STREET musicians do not find it wholly profitless to come this way, for the boys invite them into the College, give them their spare pennies, and dance a hornpipe around them while they play, with little regard to step or music.

THE majestic buzzards are frequently seen resting on sleeping wing and eyeing the gallows-like structure on which the Primary boys have their swing, trapeze, and rings, as if they expected to find a corpse suspended from it.

GREENE, '70, has laid up his velocipede for the season, as it has got the "epizooty," or, perhaps, because there is one foot of snow where he boards. His fastest time during the summer was two miles in four and a half minutes. A "champion" tried to do better, but had to confess S. T. G. the best man by a full minute.

OYSTER-HORNS flourish, but although the boys cannot hear them, they seem to smell the bivalves, for when the sable venders gather around the dining-room steps during dinner hour, they file out to get their five cents worth with great enthusiasm, bearing plates, pans, pitchers, tumblers, and cups to put them in.

THE game of ball with the Columbian College Nine came off on the 16th ultimo in a snow storm. Five innings were played, and the Kendalls, to the surprise of every one, were victorious by a score of 10 to 7, with a turn at the bat to spare on the Kendalls' side. The Nine was made up as follows: Wheeler, c.; Wilkinson, p.; Page, 1st; Large, 2d; Gardner, 3d; Allman, ss.; Chapin, l. f.; Pope, c. f.; Powers, r. f.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERY interesting invention by Rev. Malling Hansen, superintendent of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution at Copenhagen, has recently been announced, which promises to be of extensive practical application. The original object was to furnish an apparatus by which the blind may be enabled to write or print; but as constructed it is of general application, and promises to be useful for writing or copying with rapidity, far exceeding that of ordinary writing, and rivaling stenography. The apparatus is too complicated to be fully understood without an engraving, but it is now in the process of manufacture in Great Britain, and can be seen in operation at the office of the patentee. The limit of the most rapid writing with pen and ink is given at four letters per second, ordinary quick writing not exceeding two, while ordinary speech attains the rate of nine to ten letters per second, and quick speech from fifteen to twenty. With practice a speed of ten to twelve letters per second has already been reached by this instrument, and it is possible that with training, and perhaps with some further modification of the apparatus, a still greater quickness can be accomplished.—*Harper's Weekly*.

INDIANA.

I DOUBT not the readers of THE SILENT WORLD will be glad to hear of the prosperity of any of our institutions, and feeling thus, I most gladly write in regard to the prosperity, both materially and intellectually, of the Indiana Institution. Nor would I say aught in a boastful manner; but he who doubts, come and see. The Indiana Institution is not disposed to yield in any respect the palm to any other school of equal age. Its prosperity has been continued and marked. From time to time, as its wants demanded, additions and improvements have been made, till now, in its convenience and adaptation to the wants of its numerous and increasing inmates, it is equal to any other institution in the States, and Indiana may well boast of her liberality to her unfortunate children.

The Institution is now undergoing a much needed and important change for the better. The old school building, with its chapel, has been remodelled. Those who are familiar with the straight-backed seats, the leaky skylight, ever ready to fall, the yellow-washed walls, cracked and scratched by the autographs of aspiring mutes, will be delighted to learn that a great transformation has taken place. Four large and commodious school-rooms have been added, and a chapel, beautiful in its proportions and adornments, has taken the place of the old one. It is capable of seating 500 persons. The expenditures on these improvements amount to about \$15,000.

The inmates at present number 261, of which 112 are girls and 149 boys. No sickness as yet has visited us, except slight attacks of chills and fever. Fifty new pupils are enrolled—a greater number than has been received any previous year.

We have recently introduced into two classes Prof. Keeps' "School Stories," which, for a reading book, we think is the very thing we have so long needed; and we hope that those who have not yet done so will give it a trial.

The corps of teachers remain the same as last year, with the exception of Miss Susie McIntire, who has left us to fill a higher and more sacred sphere. As yet the vacancy has not been filled.

In the city the chief topics of interest are the doings of the Legislature, which is now holding an extra session. The late elections have resulted in such a manner as to make the House largely Republican.

Our superintendent recently made a tour of three weeks through the Northern and Eastern part of the Union. His principal object was to restore by travel his impaired health, and to visit other institutes of interest.

IDLEWILD.

GEORGIA.

ATLANTA, GA., November 11, 1872.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

WILL you please publish this note? I wish to speak of the location of the Georgia Institution. I was recently at Cave Spring on a very pleasant visit, and I saw that the place was not at all suitable for the location of such an institution. I think that it is too far into the country, and visitors are too few. When an institution undergoes very little examination from the public, I think that the tendency is to dampen enthusiasm among the teachers, and there will be consequent falling off in usefulness of the school.

I think, therefore, that it would be better if the Institution was removed to this place, (Atlanta,) because it is a city of large population, and there would be more visitors and greater interest shown in the work; besides, it would greatly benefit all connected with it, in a social view.

Last summer it was reported that the Legislature would pass a bill to move the Institution to Atlanta, but it was given up on account of the "hard times." I think that the school is now the best in the Southern States, and I am sure I wish it to be as good as any in the country, and a credit to the "Empire State of the South."

Yours, truly,

A VISITOR.

THE FORTNIGHT.

HOME.

BOSTON was the scene of a terrible conflagration three weeks ago. The fire raged for fifteen hours, spreading over a space of sixty-four acres. Seven hundred buildings were destroyed. The loss is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions. Ten thousand persons were thrown out of employment by this calamity.—The horse disease is dying out; it moves more sluggishly over the country, and assumes a milder type as it moves southward. It has had a run of nine or ten days, and in most cases yields to good treatment.—Concord and Laconia, N. H., were visited by a severe shock of earthquake two weeks ago; in the former city buildings were rocked violently, and the shock was plainly perceptible to persons walking on the street.—The fowl disease is spreading in New York State.—Five feet of snow has fallen in Utah.—The light of the great Boston fire was plainly seen in Portsmouth, N. H., 56 miles distant.—The horse disease has taken the form of dromy, and it is of a very fatal type in New York, in consequence of the driving of the horses while they were sick.—The Bostonians are going to take the Coliseum down for fear it will burn up.—Our new territory gained by Emperor William's award is the best sheep-raising land on the Pacific coast.—New York is improving the occasion of the Boston fire to take further preventive measures against the outbreak of a conflagration.—The Cincinnati express, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was thrown from the track near Clarksburg, West Virginia, by colliding with a couple of vagabond cows. The locomotive ran through a small house that was standing near the track, shivering it into fragments, but, singularly enough, the owner and his wife and baby, who were in bed asleep, escaped without serious injury.—Nearly two hundred freedmen, including several families, mostly from Florida, South Carolina, and Georgia, sailed from New York for Liberia on the 20th ultimo under the auspices of the American Colonization Society.—Sunflowers are raised for fuel in Minnesota.—A man in Lynn, Mass., owns the boots that President Lincoln wore when assassinated.—Fourteen inches of snow fell in Cleveland, Ohio, two weeks ago.—Five hundred and forty-six names have so far been invented for the horse distemper.—On the Sunday of the Boston fire a gentleman, spending the day at Bingham, fifteen miles from the scene, picked up some burned papers which dropped at his feet, and, to his great surprise, found them to be portions of some bills he himself had filed away in his counting-room the Saturday previous.—One-third of the teachers at a county institute, Iowa, lately failed to spell the capital of the State correctly.—The great portrait of Franklin, painted by Madame Lebrun in 1783, has been brought to New York from Paris.—The friends of a famous skater, who died in New York recently, would like to know exactly what the minister, who preached the funeral sermon, meant by his pathetic statement that he had "gone where there is no ice."—A construction train on the Atchison, Leavenworth, and Santa Fé railroad passed through a herd of buffaloes last week, covering an extent of country ten miles long and two miles wide.—Four young men, near Yonkers, N. Y., were amusing themselves by throwing stones at a can of nitro-glycerine, when an explosion took place, killing two of them, and fatally injuring the others, last week.—There have been 927 deaths from small-pox in St. Louis since the 11th of May.—There was a collision of two Washington trains near Wilmington, Del., last week, in which two passengers were killed, and several others injured.—The largest pasture in the world, used as such by civilized people, is Montauk Point, on Long Island. It is eleven miles in extent, and in summer furnishes pasturage for 1,500 neat cattle, 100 horses, and 700 sheep, which roam without restraint throughout the fertile peninsula.—It is reported that the joint military occupancy of San Juan by the United States and British forces was terminated two weeks ago by the withdrawal of the latter, in accordance with the terms of the decision at Berlin under the treaty of Washington.—Mr. Stanley, the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, who arrived in New York lately, was entertained by *The Herald Club* with a grand dinner. He was introduced to a brother of Dr. Livingstone at the party.

POLITICAL.

It is now reported that Secretary Boutwell will retire from the Cabinet next March, and that he will be a candidate for the seat in the Senate made vacant by the election of Mr. Wilson as Vice-President.—President Grant's popular majority in the whole country will be over 600,000.—The Republicans will have a majority in the Illinois Legislature, thus preventing the re-election of Senator Trumbull.—The Republicans have made large gains in the House of Representatives, having elected 205 members to 82 Democrats, and four doubtful. This gives them a two-thirds majority in the next House, which they have not in the present one, the Democrats having 103 members.—According to the latest advices the Presidential vote stands as follows: Grant and Wilson, 30 States, 292 votes; Greeley and Brown, 7 States, 74 votes.—An effort will be made this winter to restore the law which was repealed last spring, requiring each new Congress to meet and organize on the fourth of March succeeding its election, instead of waiting until the following December.—The prominent politicians from Pennsylvania, inclu-

ding Senator Cameron and Governor-elect Hartranft, called on President Grant to advise him in regard to the appointment of a certain man to the postmastership at Philadelphia, but the President preferred adhering to his views on the civil reform service, and has appointed another man to the office.

FOREIGN.

THE London press generally comment favorably on the result of the Presidential election in America, that which most surprises them being the orderly manner in which the election was conducted and the completeness of the Republican victory.—An attempt to celebrate Guy Fawkes Day in Exeter, England, resulted in a mob which sent seventeen men to the hospitals suffering from injuries.—An adjourned session of the French National Assembly was opened at Versailles on the 11th ult. President Thiers delivered his message on the following Wednesday. There is danger of a rupture between the President and the Assembly.—A terrible storm visited the northern part of Europe. The hurricane was accompanied with snow, streams overflowing their banks, inundating the country for miles around. It was disastrous throughout Denmark. Half of the town of Praesto, in the island of Zealand, in the Baltic, was laid waste by the wind, and the small island of Botae was entirely submerged and every inhabitant drowned. Eighty vessels are reported to have been wrecked. The loss of life both on the islands and the mainland was very great.—The Berlin government has issued a decree commanding the railroad companies to discontinue the practice of transporting emigrants at low rates and their baggage free. This is done to obstruct emigration by increasing the difficulties of reaching the seaboard.—King Amadeus of Spain has been confined to his palace by illness, but his health is improving.—The Carlists are still troublesome, by playing the part of highwaymen on the public roads.—The Royal Geographical Society has voted the Victoria Gold Medal to Stanley, the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, and presented its thanks to James Gordon Bennett for sending him in search of the Doctor.—The Britishers having tasted Baltimore oysters are now sending over three large vessels to take cargoes of them to London.—There has been a series of destructive gales in the English channel.—The city of Mexico has ordered a \$10,000 statue of Columbus.—The late floods in Northern Italy have rendered tens of thousands homeless.—Messrs. Bowles Brothers, American bankers in London, have suspended payment. Their liabilities reach half a million dollars. This will fall heavily on American tourists in Europe.—The Japanese Government has declared in favor of religious toleration, and has adopted the police system of the United States.—The London police are in a state of insubordination, and two hundred and eighty of them have been suspended.—Congratulations have passed between the Mayor of Adelaide, Australia, and the Mayor of New York, celebrating the completion of telegraphic communication around the world.

THE wife of the Count de Chambord (Henry XV of the legitimists) is quite deaf.

THERE are 17,724 deaf and dumb persons in Prussia, 9,726 males and 7,998 females, or 1 to 1,348 of the population.

A TEACHER of calisthenics in a ladies' seminary says that he is obliged to recommend the use of clubs, because it is impossible to find dumb belles in such places.

AN incident of unusual interest at the Edwards' Church, Northampton, Mass., on the 3d of November, was the admission of Miss Field, of Westminster, Vt., a deaf-mute, now at the Northampton Deaf-Mute Institution, to membership by profession. She had consulted all the references in connection with the creed previous to her admission. On making her application, she was asked by her pastor what induced her to unite with the church, to which she in writing replied: "I desire to testify my faith in Christ, and feel that through my connection with the church I shall exert a better influence over others."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Thanks.

THE *Mutes' Chronicle* lately gave an advertisement of ours one insertion free, although it is not an advertising sheet, and at the same time expressed its good-will. We are much obliged for its courtesy, and shall be happy to reciprocate in a material way as heartily as we now return its feelings of friendship.